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## MUSICAL VAGRANTS.

ALL the world cannot be supremely respectable. Civilised life, far from being a Chinese puzzle, where all the fractions are equal in size, shape, and importance, is rather a dramatic Noah's Ark, abounding with every variety of animal form.

Everybody cannot play the part of the elephant, with his snake-like trunk, or of the lion, with his regal mane. All cannot rise to the perpendicular elevation of the giraffe, nor extend to the horizontal dimensions of the crocodile. Some must come on as monkeys, and macaws, and mocking-birds, and kangaroos, with tails more useful than ornamental, and peacocks *vice versa*, and ostriches, that cannot fly though birds, and ornithorhynchi, which wear beaks though quadrupeds.

After all, it is a great question whether the laborious camel enjoys life half so much as the dancing-dog. No doubt there must be exquisite enjoyment in those long-deferred draughts, after crossing the hot desert, whose thirsty sands appear to attract and absorb the radical juices of the bodies that traverse them. But how rare are those moments of delicious contrast—of refreshing indulgence! On the other hand, how many causes conduce to render enviable the condition of the dog! In the first place, he is an artist. He is gaily attired in a spangled jacket; he is applauded by an admiring populace; his vanity is constantly gratified, for who can doubt that dogs are keenly sensitive to the approving looks and expressions of mankind? It is true he stands upon his hind-legs, contrary to the laws of nature. But then how great and joyous the relief of a return to all-fours! Does not all sensation exist by contrast? True, the camel's contrast is more powerful; but then how much more frequent the dog's! how much less painful his preliminary sufferings! True, his master thrashes him if he perform ill his tricks; but is he not, on the other hand, patted and rewarded when his efforts prove successful? In short, the camel's existence may be compared to a painting by Rembrandt, with a few brilliant points of light emerging from impenetrable shade; the dog's career to a landscape by Turner, where infinite gradations of light, shade, and colour, are mingled in harmonious confusion.

The camel is the indispensable labourer, the dancing-dog is the *quasi* supernumerary vagabond. And one remark we shall have the indiscretion to make. It is, that however unquestionable the intrinsic merits of respectability, your vagabonds are much more interesting subjects for the pen or the pencil; just as a lively comet is a far more exciting object to the astronomer than a regular business-like old planet, which

rises and sets in the most unexceptionable manner. A roving life, too, generates a roving fancy. Therefore we sketch vagabonds. We know them so well! How often in the old days, when, knapsack on back, we strolled through the wild forests of Germany with other students still more thoughtless than ourselves, have we paused on the road to hold curious converse with some strange pedestrian, whose long-enduring garments the very Wandering Jew might have envied! How often—— But, in short, contrast is the spice of existence, the essence of humour, the very principle of all excitement of the feelings or the fancy; and if Hobbes's oft-quoted theory of laughter (or, as a German professor would say, *delight-in-being-better-off-than-other-people-ism*) be a true one, we, who hug ourselves especially in our well-lined mantles of respectability, shall rarely fail to regard the indestructible race of vagabonds with a certain pleasurable curiosity.

Above all, the *musical* vagabond! Whether fiddler or flutist, singer with or without guitar, one of a band or a lone child of mystery, there is about him, her, or them, as the case may be, a marvellous fascination to our fancy.

The wandering painter, however rude his art, must ever, to a certain degree, command our respect, from the intellect and judgment required to produce even the semblance of a portrait. The supple acrobat astonishes and confounds us by feats of strength and agility, which, if not performed before our eyes, would appear to us incredible. Well do we know in our own consciences that the least of those somersaults would baffle our utmost efforts of athletic vigour. As for the vagrant juggler, does he not delude us under our very eyes? Is it possible to help feeling a dim awe respecting an individual who can cheat us so easily? No; wherever there is incontestable superiority of any kind, a certain respect is inevitable. But it is far otherwise with the musical vagabond. We feel no respect for *him*—not an atom; and that is what gives him perhaps a peculiar advantage. He is so eminently disreputable! We neither ascribe to him the intelligence of the painter, nor the strength of the acrobat, nor the possible pugnacity of either. Everybody can sing, or at least everybody thinks so. Everybody could learn to play upon some instrument—at least so everybody believes; only everybody will not condescend to take the trouble. Many of us really are something of musicians, with better voices and ten times the science of the average vagrants who appeal to our charity. Consequently, we have a sincere want of respect for the tribe. We look down upon them with a good-humoured pity, and throw them our halfpence with twice the readiness with which we submit our profiles to the artist's pencil or scissors, or our hats to

the juggler's indomitable passion for making saucepans of them for his plum-puddings.

We have often asked ourselves how anybody came to adopt the profession of wandering musician. And here, by the way, we take occasion peremptorily to exclude Italian organ-grinders from the fraternity of musicians proper. They are mere machinists. Hurdy-gurdy-players we also rigorously decline to treat of. Otherwise, our category embraces the widest possible acceptance—from the roaring Cockney ballad-singer to the graceful Spanish minstrel, whose serenades bring tears of silver from the hearts of enchanted damsels. Are they not amazed at seeing so genteel a person pursuing so precarious a vocation? Are they not justified in suspecting an adventurous prince incognito, or some charming poet in mufti seeking the ideal of his dreams with persevering eccentricity?

But to revert to the origin of the vagrant musician. Doubtless it is primarily that of all vagabondage—deficient pecuniary resources, and a natural distaste to so commonplace a substitute for fortune as labour. Writers who sacrifice delicacy to a fondness for being perspicuous would have simply said—*poverty and laziness*. Indeed your proud workman keeps the wolf from the door by facing him with resolute bravery. Your careless vagabond runs away from the wolf, who chases him through a whole lifetime. Otherwise, we must admit an irresistible passion for locomotion as one of the primitive faculties of the mind; or else suppose the hereditary descendants of Ahasuerus to have multiplied stupendously during the long centuries of his fabled pilgrimage.

Secondarily, the cause of musical vagrancy is a happy aspiration for the nearest possible approach to an annuity for doing nothing short of absolute mendicancy. Every one, without exception (not dumb by nature), can adopt the *métier* of wandering musician. No talent of any kind is indispensable; impudence is the only *sine qua non*. If an individual possess an ear for music, or a voice, people will pay for listening to him. If the reverse, they will pay to get rid of the nuisance. In the one case, he will be admired for his ability; in the other, pitied for his incapacity. It is a great question which gets on the better of the two classes. The latter is as numerous as the former; sometimes with a naïve unconsciousness of the torture inflicted; often with a *malice prepense*, which calculates but too surely on the limited powers of auricular endurance on the part of its auditors.

We remember in London one obstinate old reprobate who was in the habit of pervading the more retired streets, just insufficiently drunk to escape arrest, and yet sufficiently sober to regulate his intonations with the most logical perfection of annoyance. His plan consisted in singing a particular air from a popular opera in the following style of ingenious cruelty. Having given utterance to the first note with a doleful and quavering exactness, he paused for at least a quarter of a minute before allowing note the second to pass his lips; and so on to the end of the air: producing upon our irritated nerves an effect which can be illustrated but feebly by the following description:—

'*When*—What's that? we exclaim, starting up, and listening in an attitude of dubious consternation, as the dismal sound vibrates upon our ears. '*Oth*—continues the tormentor, awakening us to a sense of the punishment in store for us: '*ther*—We rush to the window, and recognise our ancient enemy with a muttered anathema, which many an angel would excuse under the circumstances: '*Lips*—proceeds the relentless vagrant, pausing to pick up the coppers which distracted humanity begins to throw from windows, accompanied by mild entreaties that the singer will move on: '*and*—During the following interval we have had time to enter the next room, and

seize a jug of water from the wash-stand, armed with which, we hold ourselves in ambush behind the window-curtains: '*oth*—We gently raise the sash, and set one foot upon the balcony: '*ther*—We rush out incontinently, and discharge the contents of the jug upon the head of the enemy below, who is malignantly looking up in quest of the expected black-mail: and '*hearts!*' bursts out with unprecedented velocity the executioner of Balfie, beginning to sputter and swear in the most discordant manner. We hasten to put on our greatcoat and hat for a walk, well knowing that, hostilities once commenced, no mercy is to be expected out of water-jug range. As we go out, we sternly inform the musician of our intention to shoot him next time, at all hazards, with an American revolver; and taking advantage of his temporary dismay, turn the corner of the street in time to escape the volley of abuse with which he pursues our retreating footsteps.

This subtle vagabond, we regret to say, still pursues his hideous industry; and many of our literary and artistic friends who live in quiet neighbourhoods, have bitterly bewailed to us their sufferings. We never fail to recommend the water-jug.

Little less annoying are the psalm-singing families, who—pyramidically arranged, the supposed father in the centre, and two children of six years in the wings—march slowly along, chanting their lugubrious staves, and rolling their eyes towards the house-windows with such a forlorn and woeful air, that it is not in human nature to refuse them always the obolus of charity.

The roaring ballad-singers, already alluded to, generally go in pairs, and are mostly ill-looking unshaven fellows, whose hands and faces defy soap, as Ajax defied the lightning. They appeal, however, to a more legitimate class of sentiments. Often themselves the composers of their doggerel rhymes, they catch the follies or vices of the hour as it flies, and rarely fail to attract a crowd of grinning spectators. Not unfrequently there is a rough poetical justice in their verse, which pleases the mob. They do not beg; their musical performance is gratuitous: they only sell their ballads, printed on paper almost as flimsy as bank-notes—which, indeed, it is to be hoped they in a manner become to the men who have given the raw material its enhanced value. In dull times these men are apt to take office, as what are technically known by the term 'sandwiches,' and to figure between two boards as the walking advertisements of commercial speculators.

On the blind fiddler and his dog it is not necessary to enlarge. He is often a real musician, and plays with considerable feeling and accuracy. No one can object to his harmless vocation, though we fear sadly that the phrase, 'Out of sight, out of mind,' applies peculiarly to his case; and that he is one of the most ill-paid, as well as most excusable of the wandering fraternity. It is so easy, as they say in Ireland, to pass by a blind man without his seeing you.

The juvenile Highland piper in the south rarely fails to excite considerable interest, particularly on a frosty day. 'Poor little fellow, how cold he must be without pantaloons!' say the kind-hearted women, and pity him immensely. We remember once putting the question point-blank to a young piper in Bloomsbury Square—'Vy, yer see,' he made answer, 'it ain't nuffin, ven your a bin and done it since you vos a hinfunt.' Whence we concluded that the piper in question must have left the Highlands at a very early period of his existence.

A very different personage is the well-dressed gentleman of the brass-band, whose performance, often really excellent, few can pass without notice. His income during the season is considerable; and we should not be surprised if he eventually were to become a banker in his native country on the strength of his economies.

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We have known a brass-band refuse very liberal terms for an evening's exclusive engagement. But a stronger proof of the success of the speculation, and the superior chances of merit in any line, is to be found in the following fact, to the truth of which we pledge ourselves:—A number of artists of the pencil and graver, finding themselves, some time since, in a state of general impoverishment, resolved, as a dernier resort, to disguise themselves as wandering musicians, and sally forth in search of what the gods might send them. Several of them were excellent amateur performers on various wind-instruments. One was a capital violinist; and a supernumerary, whose instincts for harmony were not fully developed, volunteered for the less arduous but more repulsive duty of carrying round the hat for contributions. No sooner said than done. False whiskers, burnt cork eyebrows, hats over the eyes, and handkerchiefs over the chin, and the party of minstrels commenced their experimental sally. The painter of Libyan deserts and lurid sunsets, who was created grand-treasurer of the party, was, at his express entreaty, converted into a coal-black Ethiopian for the occasion, and displayed the most heroic spirit of self-sacrifice.

All went on favourably. They reaped a harvest of applause and shillings, far beyond their most sanguine expectations, in several of the chief squares and streets; when they had the misfortune to perform so satisfactorily before the mansion of an ambassador in Portland Place, that he sent his butler to insist upon their entering and partaking of some refreshment, previously to further delighting his guests by their performance. The astonishment of the diplomatist may be conceived when, with one accord, they vehemently declined his offered hospitality, and walked off, full of alarm at the possibility of recognition by some patron or acquaintance sufficiently fortunate to receive an ambassador's invitation to dinner.

But it is not in England that the trade of musical vagabond arrives at perfection. In the central and southern countries of Europe, it finds a far more suitable field for its expansion. There is a *café* at Paris much frequented by the thoroughgoing republicans, where may be seen, evening after evening, a succession of musicians of the most heterogeneous description. There is one tall young man who sings to the guitar with a barytone voice like the blast of a great trumpet, who looks so like one of the *élégans* in the Boulevards, that it makes me quite blush to give him a son when he comes round. There is a young German songstress who comes with her brother, a little dumpy hobbadehoy of a fiddler. She, too, touches the guitar, and sings sweetly enough, but seems afraid of opening her little mouth sufficiently wide to let the notes pass out. We, who are romantic *ex officio*, whisper two or three German phrases in the Berlin-Cockney dialect, in order to make her smile. This we succeed in so effectually, that she not only displays a row of pearly teeth, but cannot even go on with her song, so that her fussy brother is compelled to fill up the interval by an indefinite flourish on the fiddle. There is another professor, of such an imposing aspect, that he might sit for a picture of Moses in the desert. His beard, of a raven blackness, descends to his waist, and he gesticulates forcibly as he sings. He is not a common vagrant, but an enthusiastic political propagandist. All his songs breathe the fiercest hatred and scorn of the reactionary party, represented by him as the clowns and harlequins of a masquerade, whose tawdry brilliance the light of a new day will speedily annihilate. In collecting money he is very rapid, never pausing for an instant, or looking hard at any person who does not put his hand into his pocket. Sometimes he comes accompanied by an ex-schoolmaster, whose performance on the violin is really remarkable for its spirit and fantastic rapidity of execution. He reminds

us of one of Hoffman's weird and mysterious music. He sings tenor to the bearded patriot's bass, and has a habit of distorting his old features in the most astonishing manner—often playing, singing, and gesticulating with such wild ecstacy, that he resembles a furious Pythoness on her tripod! Both these gentlemen pass about two-thirds of their lives in prison for singing seditious songs about the rights of labour to food, and the inviolability of the constitution ('as was.') This is but a small group of specimens of our continental friends in the musical line of vagabondage.

'What on earth do strolling singers do with themselves in the daytime?' we murmured reflectively.

'Lie in bed,' replied a matter-of-fact friend on our arm.

'Practise new songs,' responded a wag on the other.

'What becomes of them all in the end?' we propounded, still musing over their vagrant destinies.

'Angels,' suggested the wag.

'Dust,' growled the materialist.

It was impossible to speculate gravely with such companions, so we abandoned the notion. When we reached home, we opened by chance a volume of Bayard Taylor's *El Dorado*, and by a curious coincidence lighted on a passage in which he spoke of the numerous bands of vagabond musicians who have already found their way to California, and of the great fortune they meet with. Certes playing a trombone in front of a coffeehouse is easier work than digging gold up to one's knees in water on the Sacramento! Which is more meritorious? We fell asleep as we thus began to moralise, and an orchestra of vagabond incubi commenced such a mad dream-concert in our brain as we shall not readily forget. It went on *crescendo*, till it resembled the roaring of a thousand tempests; and a crash, which seemed the crack of doom, wound up the symphony of which no mortal hand could trace the score, or even, were that possible, survive the unearthly rehearsal!

#### SCORESBY THE WHALER.

A VOLUME of 'Memorials of the Sea,' the full title of which is given below,\* has just been made public by the Rev. Dr Scoresby, who, we may presume, raises this literary monument to his parent's memory not less for example's sake, than out of filial affection and grateful remembrance. The author's aim has been to present a faithful portraiture of his progenitor, to shew us what manner of man he was; and we shall endeavour to transfer a sketch of the picture to our columns, for the edification of such readers as are interested in the study of human effort and perseverance. There ought to be something worth reading in the history of a man whose memoir comprises two hundred and thirty-two pages.

The name of Scoresby, it appears, is limited to one or two families in the north of England, most of whom have been of the yeoman class, with the reputation of good citizens and worthy members of society. There are, however, two or three exceptions to the uniform level: a Walter de Scourby was 'bayliffe of York' in 1312; another, Thomas, was lord mayor of the same city in 1463; and a second Thomas represented it in parliament in the reign of Edward III. So much for ancestral honours and dignities; and we pass to the individual who more immediately claims our attention. He was born in May 1760 at Nutholm, about twenty miles from Whitby; went to an endowed school in the adjoining village of Cropton during the fine season only, as the distance was considerable, and roads were uncon-

\* *Memorials of the Sea. My Father: being Records of the Adventurous Life of the late William Scoresby, Esq. of Whitby. By his Son, the Rev. W. Scoresby, D.D. London: Longmans. 1851.*

fortable in winter. Even these scanty ways and means of knowledge were cut off when William Scoresby grew to his ninth year: he was then placed with a farmer, and underwent the 'rudiments' of agriculture and cattle-feeding. In this situation he plodded on for more than ten years, until 'unpleasant treatment' caused him to resent the indignity by walking to Whitby, and binding himself apprentice to a Quaker shipowner for three years. He then went to his father's house, and informed his parents of what had occurred, and returned forthwith to the farm to fulfil his duties until a successor should be appointed to his place. His next care was to set to work on such studies as might be useful in his new vocation, and so employ the interval prior to the sailing of the ship in the spring of 1780.

Mr Scoresby here draws a parallel between his father and Captain Cook: natives of the same county, both began life with farming work, though the great circumnavigator was afterwards apprenticed to a general shopkeeper; in which service, having been unjustly suspected of stealing 'a new and fresh-looking shilling' from his master's till, 'he determined, if he could get permission to do so, to leave his employment as a shopkeeper, and, indulging a strongly-imbibed prepossession, turn to the sea.' The result is well known.

According to agreement, Scoresby went a second time to Whitby in February to ratify his engagement; and finding that his services would not be required before April, he set out to return home on foot the same day, being desirous of losing no time from his studies. More than half the road lay across a wild uninhabited moorland district. Night had set in when a furious snow-storm surprised him; all traces of the imperfect track were speedily obliterated, and the traveller 'could neither see his way to advance nor to return.' In this uncertainty his geometrical knowledge came into play. 'He had observed how the wind first assailed him, with reference to the direction of the line of road, which, fortunately for him, like the roads of ancient construction generally, followed a steeple-chase directness, regardless of hill or dale, for the point aimed at; and, by adjusting his progress on the same angle, in respect to the course of the wind, he hoped to be guided in his now perilous undertaking.' The experiment was fully successful, and the journey finally accomplished in safety.

Scoresby's sea-service commenced by voyages to Russia: while discharging a cargo of Memel timber at Portsmouth, a professional grievance made him resolve to enter on board the *Royal George*. Afterwards, when that vessel went down, with all her crew, he regarded his having changed his intention as one of the many providences of which he had been the subject. A seaman's duties were not permitted to divert him from the pursuit of knowledge; what he learned in books he reduced to practice, keeping the ship's reckoning for his own private instruction. He suffered much from the taunts and jeers of the crew for refusing to share in their debasing practices, but made no attempt to retaliate so long as the annoyance was confined to words. He proved, however, on fitting occasion, that he could defend himself from personal violence; and so great was his strength, that his two aggressors were effectually humbled. He was fully impressed with the feeling 'that, under the blessing of Providence, to which he distinctly looked, he must be the fabricator of his own fortune; and his custom was, 'unless he could find a somewhat like-minded aspirant after a better position, to walk alone on the main-deck or fore-castle, holding companionship only with his own thoughts.'

In moral and physical qualities such as these, we see the elements of success. Scoresby's habit of keeping the reckoning, and the greater exactitude which he brought into the method, once saved the ship from being wrecked in foggy weather between Riga and Elsinore. His assertion that the vessel was off the

island of Bornholm caused a sharper look-out to be kept. Presently breakers were seen ahead; the anchor was dropped, but 'just in time to save the ship from destruction. When she swung to her anchor, it was in four and a half fathoms' water. The breakers were close by the stern, and the stern not above twenty fathoms from the shore.' This manifestation of ability on the part of an apprentice excited so much jealousy and ill-feeling towards him from the officers, that on the arrival of the vessel in the Thames, he left her, and engaged on board the *Speedwell* cutter, bound for Gibraltar with stores.

This proceeding led to a new course of adventure. While on the voyage in October 1781, the cutter was captured by the Spaniards, and the whole of her crew made prisoners of war, and kept in durance at St Lucar, in Andalusia. After a time, the rigour of imprisonment being somewhat relaxed, and the captives permitted to fetch water without a guard, Scoresby and one of his companions contrived to escape; and concealing themselves as much as possible during the day, and guiding their course by the stars at night, they made their way direct for the coast, where they eventually arrived in safety, after encountering much risk and difficulty. On all occasions when they had to ask for assistance, they found the women ready to help them and facilitate their escape, sometimes while their husbands had gone to denounce the strangers. By a fortunate coincidence the fugitives arrived on the coast just as an English vessel of war was about to sail with an exchange of prisoners. By the connivance of the crew, they concealed themselves on board until the ship was fairly at sea, when they made their appearance on deck, greatly to the astonishment and vexation of the captain, who made them sign a promise to pay a heavy sum for their passage, as a punishment for their intrusion. In the Bay of Biscay a formidable gale came on. The two intruders refused to work, on the plea of being passengers, unless the captain destroyed the document exacted from them. This was done; immediately the two sprang up the rigging, and before long, Scoresby, by his superior seamanship, had brought the reefing of sails and striking of masts to a successful accomplishment, and by his example cheered the before dispirited crew, who, during the remainder of the voyage, were observed to manifest a 'higher character' than before.

After this, Scoresby married the daughter of a small landed proprietor at Cropton, and resided with his father for two or three years, assisting in the management of the farm. But a desire for more stirring employment made him again turn his attention to the sea. In 1785 he entered as seaman on board the *Henrietta*, a vessel engaged in the whale-fishery, at that time an important branch of the trade of Whitby. Here the general good conduct and ability for which he was remarkable gained him the post of second officer and *specksioneer* of the ship; a technical title used to distinguish the chief harpooner and principal of the fishing operations. In 1790 he became captain of the vessel, greatly to the mortification and jealousy of his brother officers, who, being inconsiderately engaged by the owner to go out on the first voyage under their new commander, conducted themselves so vexatiously that a mutiny broke out. 'One of the men, excited by his companions' clamours and his own dastardly rage, seized a handspike, and aimed a desperate blow, which might have been fatal on the head of his captain. The latter, now roused to the exertion of his heretofore unimagined strength and tact, while warding the blow with his hand, disarmed the assailant, and seizing him in his athletic arms, actually flung him headlong among his associates, like a quail from the hand of a player, filling the whole party with amazement at his strength and power, and for the moment arresting, under the influence of the feeling, the unmanly pursuance of their mutinous purpose.' In addition to these adverse pro-

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ceedings, the season was a bad one, and the *Henrietta* returned to Whitby without having captured a single whale.

The mortification to a man of Scoresby's ardent character was extreme: to guard against a recurrence of a similar misadventure, he insisted on engaging the whole of the next crew and officers himself, and carried his point, notwithstanding the opposition of the owner. The advantageous consequences of this measure appeared in the result of the voyage: 'no less than eighteen whales were captured, yielding 112 tons of oil.' The unusual importance of this achievement will be best understood from the fact, that six and a half whales per year had previously been regarded as a satisfactory average. Scoresby's fifth voyage gave a 'catch' of twenty-five whales, the proceeds being 152 tons of oil. Such, indeed, were his ability and enterprise, that his average success was 'four times as great as the usual average of the Whitby whalers; in like proportion above the average of the Hull whalers during the previous twenty years; and more than double the Hull average for the same actual period!' These successes, which excited no small amount of envy and hatred in some quarters, spread Scoresby's fame abroad in other parts, and produced many tempting offers and solicitations; but for a time, chiefly on his wife's account, he preferred retaining his connection with Whitby.

At length, in 1798, he accepted an engagement as captain of the *Dundee*, a vessel much larger and finer than the *Henrietta*, sailing from London. With this ship he brought back thirty-six whales from his first voyage; a number unprecedented in the annals of whale-fishery. This and subsequent voyages were performed, too, more rapidly than usual, whereby the greater freshness of the blubber, when brought to the coppers, produced a superior quality of oil. On one of the voyages in the *Dundee* he first took his son, then a lad ten years old (the author of the work before us), to sea with him. At that period armed vessels of the enemies of Britain cruised in the North Sea. A few days after leaving England a ship was suddenly observed bearing down so as to intercept the track of the whaler. Scoresby, however, had anticipated the possibility of such an occurrence; the *Dundee* carried twelve eighteen-pounders, besides small arms, and a well-selected crew of sixty men. Among the latter, one had been chosen for his expertness in beating the drum, and another for his proficiency 'in winding a boatswain's call;' and with all these means and appliances a surprise was planned. We shall leave Mr Scoresby to tell it in his own words: 'The men on deck,' he writes, 'were laid down flat on their faces. My father, coolly walking the quarter-deck, and the helmsman, engaged in his office of steering, were the only living beings who could be discerned from the deck of the assailant.

'Without shewing any colours, in answer to our English ensign waving at the mizen-peak, the stranger came down to within short musket-shot distance, when a loud and unintelligible roar of the captain through his speaking-trumpet indicated the usual demand of the nation or denomination of our ship. A significant wave of my father's hand served instead of a reply. The drum beats to quarters, and while the roll yet reverberates around, the shrill sound of the boatswain's pipe is heard above all. And whilst the hoarse voice of this officer is yet giving forth the consequent orders, the apparently plain sides of the ship become suddenly pierced; six ports on a side are simultaneously raised, and as many untomped cannon, threatening a more serious bellowing than that of the now-astonished captain's trumpet-aided voice, are run out, pointing ominously toward the enemy's broadside!

'The stratagem was complete: its impression quite perfect. The adversary seemed electrified. Men on the enemy's deck, some with lighted matches in hand, and plainly visible to us, by reason of her heeling posi-

tion while descending obliquely from the windward, were seen to fall flat, as if prostrated by our shot; the guns, pointed threateningly at us, remained silent; the helm flew to port, and the yards to the wind, on our opposite tack; and without waiting for the answer to his summons, or venturing to renew his attempt on such a formidable-looking opponent, he suddenly hauled off, under full sail, in a direction differing by some six points from that in which he had previously intercepted our track.'

According to long-continued custom, the flensing or cutting-up of a whale could only be performed with a prescribed number of incisions and apparatus, causing much loss of time when the fish was a small one. Scoresby had often remonstrated with his subordinates on this hindering process, but in vain. At last, to convince them, he offered, as a challenge, 'that, with the assistance of only one-third part of the available crew, he would go on a fish, and send it in single-handed, in half the time occupied by the four or six harpooners, with the help of all hands.' This he actually performed. The work, which had occupied the harpooners and the whole of the crew for two hours, was successfully accomplished 'in almost forty minutes;' and by the exercise of forethought on the part of the chief operator, the assistants were not kept standing idle a single instant.

Here we see a man prompt in emergencies, and ready with new inventions when the old failed to satisfy him. No one was more active than Scoresby in pushing his way into the ice when on the whaling-grounds. If a full cargo was not obtained, it was that certain natural obstacles were insurmountable by ordinary means, not that energy or perseverance were lacking for the attempt. Scoresby's spirit of enterprise once led him into a higher northern latitude than any other on record. This was in the year 1806, he being then in command of the *Resolution*. The ship had been worked through the ice on the western side of Spitzbergen as far as 77 degrees north latitude. All the other whaling vessels were left behind out of sight, when the adventurous captain determined to push for an open sea more to the northwards, the existence of which he considered certain, from several sagacious observations. In this task he is said to have been the first to introduce the operation of 'sallying the ship;' that is, swaying her from side to side, so as to facilitate her onward motion when beset by ice. At last, after extraordinary labour, the open sea was entered—an ocean lake, as it were, of vast extent, surrounded by ice. Here, in thirty-two days, a full cargo was captured, and the sea explored for a distance, in a direct line, of 300 miles—the highest latitude reached being 81 degrees 30 minutes north, not more than 510 miles from the pole, and the farthest northerly point ever attained by sailing. Parry went beyond it in 1827, but in boats drawn over the ice; and subsequent navigators have been baffled in their endeavours to penetrate so far in the same direction.

After several voyages in the *Resolution*, Scoresby became a member of the Greenock Whale-fishing Company, and made four voyages in the *John* without any diminution of success—the proceeds of only one out of the four having been £11,000. He then went out again for a Whitby firm; and in 1817 bought the *Fame* on his own account, and made with her five voyages to the north, and was preparing for a sixth, when the vessel was accidentally burnt while lying at the Orkneys. This event caused him to retire, though with an ample competence, from active life. He had been thirty-six years a mariner, and had sailed thirty times to the arctic seas, and captured 533 whales—a greater number than has fallen to the share of any other individual in Europe—with many thousands of seals, some hundreds of walruses, very many narwhals, and probably not less than sixty bears. The quantity

of oil yielded by this produce was 4664 tons; of whalebone, about 240 tons' weight; besides the skins of the seals, bears, and walruses taken: the money value of the whole being estimated, in round numbers, at L.200,000.

Scoreby lived but a few years after his retirement. Subsequently to his decease, a manuscript was found among his private papers, which proves him to have been possessed of mechanical genius as well as nautical ability. In stature he was tall and athletic; and in the power of his eye he exercised a remarkable control over the lower animals, and individuals on whom he wished to make an impression. A life like his shews that there is no path in existence wherein superior intelligence, energy, and moral feeling may not distinguish themselves through the benefits which they will diffuse around them. Our brief sketch of him may be considered as complete, when we add that he held 'Temperance to be the best physician, Seriousness the greatest wisdom, and a Good Conscience the best estate.'

#### URSULA'S NURSERY GOVERNESS.

My first impressions in infancy were of large low rooms, with narrow windows, and huge carved fire-places. The windows looked forth on to a garden, whose shaven turf and primly-cut rose-trees were enlivened by numerous antique white statues as large as life, and fountains whose sparkling waters fell into basins, where gold and silver fish disported themselves. Even in warm bright summer weather, the rambling apartments of the Grange looked cold and desolate—the furniture was so clean and bright, and the sunbeams streamed in through such crevices; but when the winter logs were piled high, things assumed a different aspect; for the ruddy blaze of a cheerful fire enlivens the most obstinate gloom.

I lived here with my grandmamma and five unmarried aunts: the former was a widow, and the Grange was her dowry-house—my uncle Everard, the son and heir, residing a few miles distant at the ancestral hall. Uncle Everard was married, but to the chagrin of the family his lady had presented him with no olive-branches; consequently I was the only little one among all these mature folks. My aunts were middle-aged ladies, tall, dark, and stately; and my poor old grandmamma seemed to me the whitest and most withered of living beings: she was huddled up in shawls and flannels, mumbled much to herself, and seldom noticed anything around her.

I comprehended early that I was an orphan—the only child of my grandmamma's second son; my aunts shewed me my papa's portrait, and said he had died young, and that Uncle Everard was their only brother now. This picture hung in my Aunt Theodosia's apartment: she was a confirmed invalid, and always lying on the sofa, placed by a window, where she could look out on the pasture-fields and running streams, and on the gray church peeping from amid the trees. Sweet, gentle, kind Aunt Dosy—how well I loved her! And yet she was the only one who ever rebuked or checked my evil temper; for I must here let you into the secret, that I was a violent, unruly little mortal, giving way to tempests of passion, which had won for me the nickname of 'the Fury,' whispered among the servants indeed; but a terrible whisper too! I was very fond of looking at this picture of my dear departed papa: it represented a young man of singular personal attractions, but of a kind which struck me with awe—the eyes were so large, dark, and piercing, and the coun-

tenance expressed both fire and hauteur. But the mouth was very beautiful and classic: there was a half smile on the curved lip, and in time I learned to think how that young father must have looked when he smiled on his first-born! I felt sure his were smiles never to be forgotten—rare, rarer than his frowns! I once overheard my aunts saying to each other—'Our little Ursula grows more like her father every day;' and then Aunt Dosy sighed. They were sitting round her in the twilight. She had a low thrilling voice, and I never forgot her reply—'She does indeed, my sisters; both mentally and personally: ye have need to watch and pray; for the angels of darkness surely surround this dear child oftener than other and happier-dispositioned children.' Aunt Dosy of course spoke metaphorically, but I did not know that; and many a time, when I felt my passionate impulses urging me to wrong, I have looked round to see if a dark-winged spirit was nigh!

I know not what the lingering ailment was which made my Aunt Theodosia pass her life apart from kindred and friends; but the most tranquil and contented hours of my childhood were those which I enjoyed in her still chamber, when I sat beside the pale sufferer, reading or working in my infantile way. My father's picture hung opposite to her couch, and she often gazed on it with tearful eyes, and then turned those large expressive eyes on me with an anxiety portrayed in them which even then I keenly felt.

'Did you love my papa very dearly, Aunt Dosy?' said I to her one day when we were alone together. 'Do tell me all about him, and about my mamma; for I must have had a mamma—all children have—though I never hear any of you speak of her.'

There was a change in Aunt Dosy's expressive countenance—an expression as of intense pain, which alarmed me; but quickly recovering herself, she calmly replied: 'I never saw your mamma, my little Ursula—she lived a long way off; but your dear papa, my brother Julian, was so very beloved a brother of mine, that it grieves me to speak of him, now he is no more.' And she wept sore; and I clung to my gentle aunt, and tried to comfort her. Other essays I made to learn something concerning my mother, but all my four aunts invariably turned away, with significant looks at each other, and compressed lips, as if obstinately bent on silence, though there was a tale to unfold. They were great walkers, botanists, geologists, ornithologists, and what not!—very stately with their equals, very condescending to their inferiors, and regarding their brother Everard (as the representative of their ancient name) as an extremely great personage. Their sister-in-law, Lady Blanche, though an earl's daughter, was patronised by my four aunts, whose besetting weakness concerning their undoubtedly pure hereditary descent was carried to a most ridiculous and overweening extent. To be a Montalban, was to be everything; to be anybody else, was to be nothing! I was a Montalban, consequently in a great measure exempt from correction; as—'all the Montalbans,' observed my aunts, 'from time immemorial, had high spirits, which sometimes vented themselves in fits of passion, just as a fiery, mettled courser, of pure Arabian breed, sometimes breaks away from curb and rein.' My aunts had all been beauties—noted for dash and daring, both in word and deed; nevertheless, suitors had dropped away one by one; and now they

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beheld their more humble or gentler compeers in the enviable positions which they once had thought to occupy. Dukes, lords, baronets, and a train of noble swains, had looked and listened, listened and looked, and flown away! There was a story afloat that my eldest aunt was all but the Duchess of —; when that, in an unlucky moment, actuated, I suppose, by the 'pure hereditary spirit' of her race, she had applied the butt-end of a whip to the shoulders of a domestic who committed some mistake to exasperate her. The duke never again was seen in the precincts of the Hall; and the once beautiful toast of the county was now a withered spinster, stuffing birds, and collecting weeds. I was a plaything among them, and amusing and engaging enough I doubt not, as precocious children often are when not crossed or vexed in any of their whims or caprices: then indeed a storm arose; I screamed and kicked, and struck right and left; and finding that by this means I usually succeeded in obtaining my wish, such storms were not of unfrequent occurrence. 'Dear little thing,' I heard my eldest aunt say when I was thus exhibiting, 'she reminds me of what I was at her age! How her eyes sparkle and her cheeks flush! Poor Julian! she is his image!' However, I was told it was wrong—I must say that; punished even for my misdoings—for breaking valuable china in fits of frenzy—scattering and shattering whatever I could lay hands on; but when I struck my attendant, and the poor girl wept and complained, she was dismissed for speaking disrespectfully of a Montalban.

I was always silent and subdued in the presence of my sweet Aunt Dossy; she did not guess half how bad I was, but enough reached her to cause her to regard me with tender seriousness and anxiety, and to speak those solemn words which even on my childish ears fell not altogether in vain.

Not altogether in vain; for I pondered over these sayings, and began to look inwardly, and often to be heartily ashamed of my violent conduct. But Aunt Dossy was not always to be approached; for days together she was too ill to be seen; and when my young attendant was summarily dismissed, my aunts consulted together, and it was settled amongst them, with the approbation of my grandmamma (whose advice was asked as a matter of form), that a nursery governess was to be found for me, as I was now of an age to require instruction of a higher kind than that which I had hitherto obtained.

Through the medium of some friends of Lady Blanche, an individual was recommended as a competent instructress: she was a young person of humble origin, capable of undertaking her trust, though pretending to be nothing more than a nursery governess. She required a very small stipend, moreover, and that was a paramount consideration with those engaging her; so matters were soon concluded, and the young woman was informed by Lady Blanche's friends that her application had met with success; for she came from a great distance in the country, and there had been no personal interview. I was on a visit at the Hall with my Uncle Everard and Lady Blanche when my new attendant arrived at the Grange. Dear Aunt Dossy was reported worse than usual, and that was one reason for my stay being prolonged, in order to insure quietness for the invalid at home. Fêted, caressed, spoiled on all hands, a stronger and wiser head than mine—poor silly little body!—might have been turned. I looked round for applause and admiration, venting my temper as a means of attracting regard. 'She is a true Montalban, the saucy minx!' Uncle Everard would say laughingly. 'She is a darling beauty!' said Lady Blanche, fondling and twining my silken ringlets round her own lily fingers. 'Would she were ours!' And so I came really to think that, being a beauty and a

Montalban, I had no need of any further recommendations: no need certainly to be hampered with a detestable governess—a 'nursery' governess too!—when here I sat at table, and behaved and was treated as a queen! I almost hated my poor governess before I saw her. She was a widow, they said, and her name was Mrs Rose; and I determined in my own wicked mind to lead Mrs Rose a nice life for coming to tease me! Aunt Theodosia's influence was weakened: I had not seen her for a long time, otherwise perhaps I might have been less unruly than I was; but certainly a harder task cannot well be imagined than that confided to Mrs Rose, of governing me and pleasing my four aunts at the same time.

I remember the evening of my return to the Grange, and how I ran straight to the nursery, bent on entering it with an imperious air, for the purpose of daunting or bullying the new governess. There was a bright fire, and beside it, on the hearth-rug, stood a slight form, with head bent down over some needlework she was trying to finish by the unsteady flare. On hearing a footstep she looked up, and beheld me. The work fell from her hands, an exclamation escaped her lips which I could not clearly distinguish, and Mrs Rose—for it was she—saved herself from falling only by catching hold of a heavy sofa at hand! I was greatly astonished at this agitation on the part of my governess; for though I had intended to impress her with a powerful sense of my importance and dignity, such an effect as this I had not looked for. However, when Mrs Rose burst into tears, and apologised on the plea of nervousness 'just at first'—gazing on my face, nevertheless, as if she never could gaze long or deeply enough—I felt inclined to patronise her, for my vanity was soothed by the evident trepidation my presence caused.

In my turn I gazed on the new-comer; and strange sensations were at my heart as I scanned her lineaments and figure; for I never before had seen or fancied any one like her. Aunt Dossy often talked to me of good angels guarding and compassing us round; and surely, thought I, they must be like Mrs Rose, for so fair, so angelic a face scarcely belonged to earth. She was very slight, very thin; her flaxen hair was braided beneath a widow's cap; and sombre folds fell round her tall and graceful form—meekness and patience being the leading characteristics of her expression and bearing.

'Mrs Rose!' I cried instinctively, with childlike frankness, 'I never saw blue eyes before!—nobody here has blue eyes! How beautiful they are! I wish I had blue eyes like yours, Mrs Rose! I will not vex you—I will be a good girl indeed; for the two large round tears which gathered and fell down her white cheeks as I spoke completely touched and sobered my heart—for the time at least. Ere I slept that night (all the occurrences are indelibly stamped on my memory with tenacious minuteness), Aunt Dossy sent for me to her chamber. We were left alone together, and I saw that she had suffered much since I last beheld her. She spoke earnestly and impressively, beseeching me to enter on a new career under the superintendence of Mrs Rose, whom she adjured me to respect and obey, as one placed in authority, and who had only my eternal and temporal interest at heart. Many things Aunt Dossy said of Mrs Rose, which I thought very little perhaps of at the time, except that my dear aunt extolled and seemed very fond of my governess—saying there was no other person who would teach me as she would, and again and again tearfully entreating and praying me to be obedient and gentle. I promised that all should be as Aunt Dossy desired; and though I had been accustomed to pampering and much solicitude and attendance, none before had ever handled or addressed me with the softness and affectionate devotion which my nursery governess evinced. My

aunts were satisfied, for I learned and improved beneath her auspices wonderfully. She did not restrain, she did not coax me; but there was a winning, pleading persuasiveness, which *as yet* I had not withstood. 'As yet'—alas!—the volcano had only been slumbering for an unusual length of days: it was to burst forth by and by.

When Aunt Dossy asked me if I loved Mrs Rose, and I replied with warmth, 'Oh yes, dearly—she is so good and kind,' I saw that dear aunt cast a grateful look upward, as if communing in inward prayer, placing her hand on my head as I knelt beside her, and bidding me be grateful and loving towards my teacher. Some outbursts of temper on my part occurred now and then, but nothing so outrageous as formerly. Mrs Rose never addressed me when I gave way to passion, but her sorrowful eyes haunted me afterwards. There was an awe as well as deep grief expressed in their fixed contemplation of my distorted countenance.

Things had all gone smoothly of late; I liked learning French and music. She taught me the rudiments, and I became interested in the Bible stories, which none ever told like Mrs Rose. There was slight temptation to trespass when all went well; but evil days were coming, and the dark angels were pluming their wings with mischievous joy, and gathering round the wicked little Ursula! I had grown to be quite a tall girl, and already considered myself nearly a woman, when the smallpox, in its most virulent form, attacked me. I was deserted by every one save my nursery governess; she never wearied, never flagged, in her unceasing and devoted watch. No words may describe her anxious and tender nursing, though I became capricious, and hard to please, in proportion to my sufferings. My aunts feared the infection; and had it not been for their decrepit mother and Aunt Dossy, would doubtless have betaken themselves to flight, their terror being ludicrous in the extreme. I was shut up with Mrs Rose away from the rest of the household; and well was it for me that *she* had no selfish terrors, otherwise the petted orphan child might have perished.

My recovery was tedious and doubtful, for excessive debility and prostration of the whole system rendered it a terrible struggle. When I again began to crawl about, it was the latter end of spring, and accustomed as I had ever been to freedom, it was bitter and irritating to be confined in-doors whenever cold winds prevailed or dews 'fell slow.' The doctors had left me with warning words to Mrs Rose, of great care being requisite. Poor thing! she needed not the admonition, for her overcare and watchfulness almost worried me into betrayals of wrathful impetuosity, which would ill have requited her tender love; but at this fatal juncture, when my spirit rebelled at being debarred from racing in and out as I liked—through the gardens, over the meadows, and down the lanes, when I was naturally irritable and easily roused, from the lurking remains of disease in my blood—at this juncture Uncle Everard sent me a present of the tiniest and most lovely pony that the king or queen of Pigmyland ever bestrode. It was brought to the garden for me to see it from the windows, for those prevailing easterly winds, which so often usher in our island summer, forbade my quitting the house. Felix—so the lovely creature was named—was paraded on the shaven turf, up and down, up and down, for Miss Ursula's gratification. This was very trying—very trying indeed; and I pleaded hard with Mrs Rose to be allowed to take just one little ride for one little half-hour—no more. But my aunts had placed me under her sole control, wisely opining that she who had braved such dangers for her pupil's sake deserved the confidence, and knew best how to manage her health now. They had cast all responsibility on my governess—they told her so; and no wonder she was even more than usually careful! In vain I pleaded for permission to ride on Felix that day—

no. 'When it was warm and genial I should go,' said Mrs Rose. 'I will go!' I screamed furiously, stamping with my feet, and tearing a book to pieces in impotent fury. Weak and exhausted, the fit was soon over; but her sorrowful gaze haunted me, and I was angry that it did haunt me—angry with her, with myself, with the whole world. Next morning, to make matters worse, ere Mrs Rose could interpose to prevent it, a fine new riding-habit and plumed cap was exhibited to my admiring eyes by the domestic whose duty it was to attend on the nursery. They were sent to me by Lady Blanche; and oh! to mount Felix, the beauty, thus gloriously equipped, silver-mounted riding-whip and all! 'Now to-day I'm off,' quoth I determinedly to Mrs Rose—'go I will! This habit is warm, and you have no right to keep me in any longer: my aunts wouldn't—and I won't bear it. Sally,' to the domestic, who stood grinning, 'tell them to bring Felix round; old John will attend me, and I shall soon be ready.' I looked at Mrs Rose with an imperious toss of my head, as much as to say, 'What can you answer to that?'

She desired Sally to quit the apartment, and then with decision, but kindly and gently, laid her commands on me not to go out. 'If you will only have patience for a few days,' she urged, 'in all human probability the weather will change; for the cold is unusual at this season—trying even to the strong—dangerous to one recovering, as you are, from such an almost fatal illness.'

But the sun shone brilliantly; the birds carolled cheerily; Felix was being paraded on the grass; my new dress was temptingly spread out; and how could I think of blighting winds? We had blazing fires; and people were all coughing, and looking miserable when they came in from the air; but what child thinks about the weather? 'You want to tease me, Mrs Rose,' I exclaimed passionately. 'I will go!'

Again the look of sorrow and reproach. I flew out of the room to my own chamber, rang the bell, and desired the maid to bring my new habit and hat, which I had left in the schoolroom (*ci-devant* nursery.) The maid returned, saying that Mrs Rose had put them away in the wardrobe of the green-room, and had the key in her pocket. Mrs Rose sent a loving message to win me to her side.

To her side I bounded, but not in love, alas! 'How dare you lock up my property, Mrs Rose?' I cried, almost frenzied with rage. 'Who are you, that you dare to treat a Montalban thus?'

I heard a low sigh, as she shudderingly repeated my words—'Who am I?—who am I?' She then added with more composure—'Your aunts will approve of my conduct, I am sure, Miss Ursula. Let me entreat you to be patient; for I must be firm, or your life may pay the forfeit.'

'Give me the key!' I shouted, not heeding her mild expostulations. 'Give me the key!'

'I may not,' was the trembling answer.

How may I go on? I struck her with all my strength—nerved with fury and revenge—struck her with my clenched hand on the face! I heard a moan; I saw her kneel: she had buried her flushed face in those hands which had ministered to me night and day. I saw her kneeling, and I fled, looking round to see if the dark angels were following to bear me off—whither? Conscience never fails; and it whispered things of horrible import to me. But they feared for my health; and menials ministered to my wants, as in silence and agony the hours dragged on. No Mrs Rose to tend me now; and I dared not breathe her name, or ask a question. In the evening Aunt Dossy sent for me: I dared not look up to meet her eye: I would have given worlds to have sunk through the earth from her sight. The strange hush that had prevailed all day I attributed to a knowledge of my crime; for I well knew that I was a most guilty crea-

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ture; but, unknown to me, death was in the house: my grandmamma, within an hour after my hand was lifted against the gentle being who had saved my life, breathed her last, almost without a sigh, as she sat in her old arm-chair, with her daughters around her as usual. This event they had been taught to expect: they were all prepared for it; and theirs was the tempered and natural grief for a venerable departed parent. Aunt Dossy told me 'death was in the house.'

'Ursula Montalban, come hither,' she said with grave composure. 'Your father's mother, my mother, lies dead not far from us, and the solemn message has arrived at a peculiar period of time, when His hand is especially visible. Unfortunate, sinful girl! ere you quit this room, may you be impressed with the awful truth! Harken to me, Ursula, on your knees, lowly kneeling, in deep abasement and contrition of heart.'

I entered that apartment a thoughtless, spoilt child, but I left it with the knowledge and contrition which makes the girl a woman in feeling. I am now verging on fourscore years, but from that time to this never once has the curb been loosened which, by the help and blessing of God, I have been enabled to place on my temper, words, and acts. On my knees I listened to Aunt Theodosia's words: no marvel that her revelations produced a change even in my proud rebellious heart, or that I trembled lest the wrath of an offended God should leave me no time for repentance!

'Ursula,' said Aunt Theodosia, 'you have often questioned me concerning your mother; but my lips were sealed so long as my mother survived; for we had all pledged our words never to reveal her existence to you, her child, while that child was fostered and protected by Mrs Montalban, the venerable parent whose loss we deplore.'

'And is my own mother still alive?' I cried with impetuosity; 'and where is she, Aunt Theodosia?'

'Be patient and attentive, Ursula,' was the low reply, 'and you shall hear. But mine is a hard task; for it is painful to speak of errors in those we loved, and lost, and mourned for as numbered with the dead. Nevertheless the time has arrived when I sincerely believe it is right you should know all. Your father, Ursula, was the child of our mother's age—indulged and beloved by us all. He was absent for a protracted period on a visit to our maternal uncle, whose property lay in a far-away country. During that fatal absence he had wooed and secretly married your mother, then little more than a child in years. She was far beneath him in worldly rank—in fact, of very humble origin indeed.'

'On my brother's return home, he confided to me the secret of his marriage—for I was his favourite sister, Ursula—and the knowledge of what he had done almost broke my heart; for I knew, even better than he did, that our mother's displeasure would be lasting. He shewed me your young mother's picture with fond pride, exulting in her loveliness and virtues. We took counsel together as to what he had best do, for Julian was entirely dependent on our mother—there was not even the provision of a younger son for him while the Dowager Mrs Montalban lived, nor for any of us females. We thought it wise to defer revealing the matter—to put off the evil day; and your father made excuses to return to his uncle, where he wrote to me that you, Ursula, had entered this weary world. Poor fellow! inscrutable are the ways of Providence! He caught an infectious fever, which in a few days terminated his earthly career—with his dying breath entreating his relative to intercede for his widow and orphan. Intercession was vain for the wife; and she would not hear of parting with Julian's child; for your grandmamma offered to receive, and wholly bring up as a Montalban, the fatherless infant, provided your mother and your mother's family gave up all claims or recognition.'

'Never more to see her child!—'twas a bitter alternative, and your poor young mother refused. But, alas! dire trouble came upon her; unforeseen calamities, sickness, and misfortune, reduced her parents to absolute penury; and though she laboured perseveringly to win bread for them and herself, the struggle was ineffectual. Want and wretchedness effected that which nothing else could have done; and Julian's widow gave you up to us, my dear, dear niece, my Ursula!'

'Oh my poor, dear mamma!—where is she, Aunt Dossy?' I cried in an agony of weeping. 'And did not grandmamma save her from starving?'

'Yes, Ursula; your departed grandmamma did all that benevolence required when her wishes were accorded to respecting you. She extended aid when aid was needed, while your mother's parents lived; but they are now no more.'

'But where is my own mamma, Aunt Dossy?' I exclaimed. 'Oh keep me not in suspense! Let me go to her: is she alive? What is there to prevent me going to her if she is alive, now Grandmamma Montalban is dead? It was bad of Grandmamma Montalban to separate me from my own mamma. Why did she use her so?'

'Hush, Ursula!'

I trembled at something I read in Aunt Theodosia's mild eyes, and at the solemn tone of her voice.

'Hush, Ursula! is it for you to condemn and judge?—you? Poor girl, you may well tremble and turn pale! Who but a mother would have nursed and tended you, as your nursery governess did? Who—but a mother?'

There was a ringing in my ears, the room swam round, and I awoke to life and consciousness again, to find myself in the arms of Mrs Rose—Mrs Rose no more to me or mine, but Rose Montalban, my father's honoured widow!

I knelt at her feet in prayer and supplication: nature pleaded powerfully in my bosom, and at length floods of genial tears welled forth. Forgiveness—sweet word! what precious forgiveness she heaped on her penitent daughter!

It is not quite a score of years since she was removed to a better world. Aunt Theodosia took up her residence with us, and notwithstanding bodily infirmity, her latter end was peace. Never more were the dark angels feared by me. Never more was my beloved mother separated from my side, for our reunion was one of perfect felicity. She died in my arms, blessing me with her latest breath, as a dutiful and devoted daughter. And oh! what memory of earth equals the memory of a dying parent's benediction!

Lady Blanche's housekeeper at the Hall had a knowledge of my mother's position, and aided her in applying for and obtaining the vacant post of nursery governess, or attendant on Miss Ursula; for oh! the mother's heart yearned irrepressibly towards her offspring; and who was to find out her secret at the Grange, where she was a stranger? But Aunt Dossy remembered that picture which my father had shewn her with so much pride and love: once seen, it was never to be forgotten; and the beautiful lineaments were stamped indelibly on her memory. She knew my mother instantaneously, and deeply the discovery agitated and affected her. The conflict was severe between her sense of duty and the tender pity she felt. But it was not in her nature to turn a deaf ear to the mother's prayers and entreaties; and Aunt Dossy promised not to betray the secret to the Dowager Mrs Montalban, or her brother Everard, or her sisters, if Mrs Rose, on her part, promised never to betray the relationship in which she stood to me. It is worthy of remark, that on the very day when my violent and ungovernable temper led me into the commission of a heinous offence, the sudden passage of my aged grandmother into eternity unsealed Aunt Theodosia's lips, and permitted the revelation which, by God's blessing, changed my evil

disposition so materially, and in some measure obliterated my offence in a human point of view, by affording time for repentance and amendment.

Not to all of us are such momentous warnings vouchsafed. Pride and passion lead to crime; and sometimes, alas! penitence comes too late.

### YOUTHFUL CULTURE.

— Life went a-Maying  
With Nature, Hope, and Poesy,  
When I was young!

When I was young? Ah, woful when!  
Ah, for the change 'twixt now and then!  
This breathing house not built with hands,  
This body that does me grievous wrong,  
O'er airy cliffs and glittering sands,  
How lightly then it flashed along!  
Like those trim skiffs, unknown of yore,  
On winding lakes and rivers wide,  
That ask no aid of sail or oar,  
That fear no spite of wind or tide!  
Nought cared this body for wind or weather,  
When Youth and I lived in't together.  
Flowers are lovely; Love is flowerlike;  
Friendship is a sheltering tree;  
Oh! the joys that came down showerlike,  
Of Friendship, Love, and Liberty,  
Ere I was old!

So sings Coleridge; and the same delight in the recollection of this morning-glory of our life, is the natural experience of all persons that have survived the fine illusions and enjoyments which distinguished it. Yet the fascination of youth consists mainly in its expectations; in the hopes, unrealised ambitions, and aspirations, which have reference to a more advanced and perfected state of being. Of positive contentment, satisfaction, or even sensible relish of the moment, there is commonly very little. And perhaps the reason of this lies in the fact, that youth is properly, and by natural ordainment, a season of preparation—a sort of vestibule to the nobler temple of completed manhood. Taking this to be the case, it is manifestly desirable that the young should undergo a training or cultivation commensurate with the requirements of that maturer stage of life towards which they are advancing, and wherein they will be called upon to display their powers in active connection with the affairs and duties of society. True; and yet there is no received philosophy of culture, taking account of the native capabilities, and aiming to develop them in conformity with the laws which govern the formation, and promote the growth of mind and character.

Sensible of there being a great deficiency here, we are pleased to light upon any tolerable attempt to remedy it; and such, we think, is the character of a small volume which has lately been published. It bears the title of 'A Dialogue on Youth;\*' and is designed to express the writer's views in regard to the fit and proper training of a modern English gentleman. It is an extremely pleasant and sensibly-written book, and can be conscientiously recommended to general attention. To many it will be valuable for its opinions and suggestions, and we can promise to all who may be disposed to read it an intellectual gratification.

The author represents himself as a physician some time practising at Cambridge; and informs us, that on a certain delightful morning in some bygone month of May, he was prevailed upon to accompany an intelligent young student, whom he names Euphranor, in a boating excursion on the Cam, which was followed up by a stroll across the fields to Chesterton; where, in the bowling-green of the Three Tuns' Inn, the con-

versation here recorded was for the most part carried on. The plan of the piece is very simple, but at the same time very natural and attractive; reminding one of some fine old classical composition, and having the tone of a conversation of ancient times. The turn of their discourse appears to have been determined by the mention of *chivalry*, in connection with the 'Godefridus' of Kenelm Digby; a book which Euphranor had brought with him, and with which the doctor expressed himself to be in some degree familiar. It will not answer our purpose, nor would it be quite becoming, to follow all the twistings and digressions of the dialogue; so, by way of breaking ground, we shall introduce a passage quoted from Digby's work, in explanation of the term *chivalry*; as, upon a right understanding of this, nearly the whole of what will follow is dependent:—

"Chivalry," says Digby, "is only a name for that general spirit or state of mind which disposes men to generous and heroic actions, and keeps them conversant with all that is beautiful and sublime in the intellectual and moral world. It will be found that, in the absence of conservative principles, this spirit more generally prevails in youth than in the later periods of men's life. . . . In the history of nations, so youth, the first period of life, may be considered as the heroic or chivalrous age: there are few so unhappy as to have grown up without having experienced its influence, and having derived the advantage of being able to enrich their imagination, and to soothe their hours of sorrow, with its romantic recollections. . . . Every boy and youth is, in his mind and sentiment, a knight, and essentially a son of chivalry. Nature is fine in him. Nothing but the circumstances of a singular and most degrading system of education can ever totally destroy the action of this general law; therefore, so long as there has been, or shall be, young men to grow up to maturity, and until all youthful life shall be dead, and its source withered up for ever, so long must there have been, and must there continue to be, the spirit of noble chivalry."

After this there follows (intermingled with pleasant desultory talk) a brilliant description of the qualities of youth, drawn from Aristotle; and then a brisk dispute on the signification of Bacon's saying, that 'for the moral part, youth will have the pre-eminence, as age hath for the politic;' from which again the colloquists diverge into a discussion on the nature and peculiarities of reason. Our main object, however, is practical education; and here begins the discussion.

"Come, doctor," said Euphranor suddenly, "you who find such fault with others' education, shall tell me how *you* would bring up a young knight, till you turned him out of your hands a man."

"My dear fellow," I answered, "like other fault-finders, I have nothing better to propose. People know well enough how to manage these matters, if they will but use their common-sense, and not be run away with by new fashions and mistaken interests. . . . Besides, you know, I am only a body doctor, which, as we said, is only half the battle. And then, is your knight to be brought up to shoot partridges, and be a gentleman, or to carry his prowess out, as we were talking of, into some calling?" "Nay," said he, "he must be fitted to lead in any calling of life. And as we have agreed that the spirit of chivalry is only the spirit of youth, all men and all trades inherit it equally, and cannot, I suppose, afford to do without it. . . . At all events, if we decide the knight is now to become captain of tailors, for instance, we should also lift up the tailor half way to meet him. It would require, however, a complete recasting of society to give all classes the advantages necessary for a complete development of our common nature. The tailor must have a turn at the bat and ball, while his young captain takes the shears for an hour or two. We must be content to pick up our

\* 'Euphranor, a Dialogue on Youth.' Pickering. 1851.

hero in a rank of life where these advantages are at hand—an English country squire's, say." And here Euphranor urges the doctor to describe the course of training which some imaginary Sir Lancelot, descended from such a parentage, should undergo, and desires him to begin with him *ab ovo*.

"Well," said I, "if I have any hand in the matter, it must certainly be *ab ovo*; for it is part of my profession to herald Sir Lancelot into the world. But really, my dear Euphranor, after that process (which perhaps you would not care to hear about), I must repeat I have nothing new to tell you, except perhaps some medical recipes."

"Never mind," said he, "tell me the common sense of the matter: that will be new to me anyhow. Come, let us suppose Sir Lancelot fairly launched into the world by your art."

"Here he is then," said I; "a very queer-looking, squeaking lump of flesh as ever you saw, neither fitted for sword nor toga. I protest, Euphranor, he must be given up to me and to the nurses only. . . . For some time Sir Lancelot is little else but a *body*, so far as our treatment of him goes—to be suckled, washed, and done for."

"Very well," said Euphranor.

"By degrees he begins, as you hinted, to use his senses—to discriminate sounds with his ears, objects and distances with eyes and hands; and so forth, much like other animals."

"Well, go on."

"Well, then, will you say that, those objects impressing themselves on the brain, memory wakes? 'The barned child dreads the fire;' remembers faces, voices, and persons; likes some, dislikes others, *physically* at first, and then from *custom*, and from some glimmer of good affection perhaps; but still much as the beasts that perish."

"Oh, but *speech*," said Euphranor.

"Well," I answered, "even speech at first is but an organic imitation, like a parrot's. But I have no desire to keep Sir Lancelot down among the beasts: he soon lifts his head above them; his words become to himself the sign of things, of thoughts; he begins to *reflect*, to reflect on the past, and to guess at the future from it. A short future, indeed, as a short past, scarce extending beyond yesterday's and to-morrow's dinner. By and by, too, he begins to collect the scattered images of memory, and to recast them in new shapes, which you call fancy, I believe. And by and by, too, he is drawn up from the visible love and authority of parents and nurses, to the idea of a Father unseen—the Father of his father, Father of all, Maker of all—who, though we do not see him, sees us, and all we do, and even all we think; who has bid us obey, love, and honour our parents, tell the truth, keep our hands from picking and stealing, and who will one day reward or punish us according as we have done all this."

"Hilloa, doctor," said Euphranor, smiling, "you have brought on your child at a fine rate, far faster than I should have dared; instilling religion when you were pretending to give him a dose."

"Not I," I answered. "Mamma and nurse have done it imperceptibly. It is through the mother's eyes, Fellenberg finely said, that heaven first beams upon a child. But, as you say, *ne sutor ultra*. I return to my soothing syrups."

"But Euphranor declared that, having once begun, I must go on, carrying Sir Lancelot's mind along with his body; especially since I had given out that any mismanagement of the mind would injure the body I was employed to protect. So I agreed to look after our young knight so long as he was in the women's apartments, 'which was, according to Xenophon (was it not?) for the first seven years of life.'"

"Euphranor thought Xenophon reported that as the ancient Persian usage. 'But,' said I, 'I cannot be

bound to your Aristotelian and Baconian terms of *affection, reason*, and so on, which I perhaps do not understand in the sense they do, after all."

"He told me to use what terms I liked. 'Well, then,' I went on, 'I will give the women one general rule: that for those first seven years, Sir Lancelot shall only be put to do what he can do *easily*, without effort either of mind or body, whatever his faculties may be, or may be called. He shall only meddle with what Plato calls the *music of education*.' And I went on to say that luckily, for the first years of life, the bodily and mental music went together. Nurse finding nonsense-songs the best accompaniment to dandling Sir Lancelot in her arms, or rocking him to sleep in the cradle; and that from the lyrical fragment of 'Little Bo-Peep,' the progress was easy to the more dramatic and intellectual 'Death of Cock-Robin;' and after that, to stories in numerous verse and prose about certain good dogs and cats, and little boys and girls; and even little hymns by sweet Jane Taylor and Watts, about the Star, and the Daisy, and Him who made them; all which, besides exercising speech and memory, sometimes under cover of fable, sometimes in pure, plain-spoken affection, dispose the mind toward the Good, the Beautiful, and the Holy. 'Then you know,' said I, 'there are pictures—'That is the Horse,' 'That is the Cat,' which easily lead to 'It was an Apple'—the alphabet itself—Newton's true Principia, after all, as Vincent Bourne said."

"Well, then, there he is instituted in letters," said Euphranor. "But what have you been doing for his bodily exercises all the while?"

"Ah, there I am more in my element," I returned; "and mamma and nurse want quite as much looking after in this as in the other matter. They are too apt, in the pride of their hearts, to make Sir Lancelot walk before he can stand; and when he *can* use his legs, will not give him verge enough to ply them in."

"What is to be done for him?"

"Oh, after the due dandling and rocking of first infancy, give him a clear stage to roll in: he will find his own legs when they are strong enough to bear him. Then let him romp as much as he likes; and roar too—a great part of children's fun, and of great service to the lungs. And that (beside the fresh air) is so great an advantage in sending children to play out-of-doors, they don't disturb the serious and nervous elders of the house, who ruin the health and spirits of thousands by 'Be quiet, child'—'Don't make such a noise, child,' &c."

Our doctor thinks that young Sir Lancelot would be much better out-of-doors 'in the mud,' than shut up in a schoolroom or parlour; inasmuch as he would be making 'acquaintance with external nature—sun, moon, stars, trees, flowers, stones—so wholesome in themselves, and the rudiments of so many *ologies* for hereafter.' He recommends, moreover, an early intimacy with dogs and horses, 'whose virtues,' says he, 'he would do well to share.' But at the same time he is not insensible to the value of in-door training, or of the efficacies of personal restraint. A few of his sentences on this point may be worth pondering:—

"He must also learn to submit himself to order—to some daily in-door restraint, silence, and task-work—all when he would be out of doors romping; only let there be but a *little* of such compulsion day by day."

"And if he be refractory even against this gentle discipline?"

"Then, if the withdrawal of confidence and love, and appealing to his faculty of shame and remorse, are not enough, a taste of the rod, the compendious symbol of might and right. Only, I am quite sure, as a general rule, it is better to lean to the extreme of indulgence than of severity: you at least get at *truth*, if ugly truth, by letting a child display his character without fear; and faults that determine outwardly are

far more likely to evaporate than when repressed to rankle within. Anyhow, the ugliest truth is better than the handsomest falsehood."

"To this Euphranor willingly assented; and after a time said, "Well, we have now got Sir Lancelot pretty fairly through his first septenniad."

"And what sort of chap do you find him?" said I.

"Nay, he is your child," answered Euphranor.

"The very reason," said I, "why I should be glad of a neighbour's candid opinion about him. However, I will not say what he is, but only that I shall be content if he be a jolly little fellow, with rosy cheeks, and a clear eye, with just a little mischief in it at times: passionate perhaps, and (even with his sisters) apt to try right by might; but generous, easily pacified, easily repentant, and ready to confess his faults: rather rebellious against women's domination, and against all the wraps and gruels they force upon him; but fond of mother, and of good old nurse; glad to begin and end each day with a prayer and a little hymn at their knees: decidedly fonder of play than of books; rather too fond, it is supposed, of the stable, and of Will and Tom there; but submitting, after a little contest, to learn a little day by day from books, which lead his mind towards hope, affection, generosity, and piety."

"So much for Sir Lancelot's first septenniad," said Euphranor. "And now for his second."

From the course prescribed for the second septenniad, we can find space only for a few suggestions, which we think admirably well deserving of attention from all the parents and teachers in the universe.

"There is magnetism in these things. Boys cannot learn of one who has nothing of the boy in him."

"Ah, I remember," said Euphranor, "how good Dr Arnold insists on that;" and he quoted Arnold's beautiful image of the difference between drinking from a living spring and a stagnant pond. "And no doubt," he continued, "Skythrops's division of play and work pleases you as little as he himself does?—his twelve hours' work to two of recreation."

"I answered, "It only wants reversing."

Euphranor looked incredulous, and I told him of a table I had lately seen made by a German physiologist, who, proposing to begin education at seven years old (and not a whit earlier), with but one hour's in-door study, keeps adding on an hour every year, so as, by fourteen years old, the boy studies eight hours out of the twenty-four.

"Distinctions of age," Euphranor remarked, "which, ever so good, could not be made in schools."

"They were made, however, in one school," I replied—"Fellenberg's—the best school, on the whole, that I have read of."

"Ah, he agreed with you, I think," said Euphranor; "how much may be taught out of doors, and by wholesome experiment, in fresh air and exercise. Certainly a child may learn to love and obey parents, pastors, and masters, as well in-doors as out; nay, better, while owing to them the freedom and happiness he enjoys."

"And God, too," said I, "while enjoying his fields, streams, and breezes, quite as much as when listening to Skythrops concerning the origin of evil in a stived-up room. For Skythrops hate fresh air and open windows, I am sure."

Euphranor laughed. "And then," said I, "does not your Plato tell us that drills, marches, and other rhythmical out-of-door exercises, beside the good they do the body, unconsciously instil a sense of order and harmonious obedience into the soul?"

"And now, too," Euphranor went on, "we may suppose Sir Lancelot's acquaintance with nature, having begun in love, will go on to knowledge, in the way of some of those *ologies* you talked about."

"Not forgetting that most necessary geology, agriculture," said I, "eldest, healthiest, and most necessary

of sciences, so loved and practised by the Roman gentlemen in the most heroic days of Rome."

"And which Aristotle says rears up the best peasantry," said Euphranor; "whom, by the way, I suppose you would certainly have your English gentleman well acquainted with, especially if he be a landowner."

"Ah, to be sure," said I; "we might have remembered before to bring him well acquainted with the poor—a lesson which children cannot learn too soon, which they will always learn gladly when taught, not by dry discourse, but by living experiment; especially in the sweet fields and clean country cottages."

"Here, however, Euphranor broke in, declaring how often he had heard me declaim against Skythropical tutors, who would not leave their victims alone even during their scanty play-hours, but must pursue them with exhortations still, and soil even the fair page of nature with their running commentaries."

"To which I answered, there was discretion in this as in other things; that no doubt children ought to have much time given up to the most unreasonable sport—to the most total rest of mind; that the real fault of the Skythropical sect was not so much combining instruction with recreation, but *unfit* instruction, which negated all recreation—dry theory, whether of science or morals. Anyhow, I would much rather carry the experiments of the fields into the school-room, than the theories of the school-room into the fields."

"We are agreed, however, to have some books and some in-door study," said Euphranor, smiling: "what shall they be?"

"Oh," said I, "the records of good and great men, following properly on those of great dogs and good horses we spoke of before; not theories of heroic virtue, but living examples of it—as found in our own histories, in translations from others, then in Cornelius Nepos, Livy, Caesar, and so on to old Homer himself. For where is the schoolboy who does not side with Hector or Achilles, Greek or Trojan? Then there is Virgil, with his seedy Æneas, but lovely, vernal Georgics, welcome whether in school-room or field; and Ovid's stories of wonder."

"Which Plato says is the father of philosophy," said Euphranor; "to which, I suppose, you will lead up Sir Lancelot in good time, though scarcely perhaps in his second septenniad. But, doctor, we have un-awares got him into Latin and Greek, a thing only to be done by very hard work in grammar, in itself about as difficult a theory as may be. I am sure I now wonder at the jargon I had to learn and repeat when I was a boy, and only now, in happy hour, light upon the reason of the rules I repeated mechanically."

"True," said I, "but you were only expected, I hope, to use them mechanically; ascertaining the different parts of speech, and then how a verb governs an accusative, and an adjective agrees with a noun; to all which relations you are guided by certain terminations of *us, a, um, and do, das, dat*; and so on, till you are able to put the scattered words together, and so ford through a sentence. And the repetition by heart of those rules fixed them in your mind, and was a proper exercise for your memory."

"We must not forget arithmetic also," said Euphranor, "where, by the by, the rules are also used mechanically at the time, to be understood perhaps afterwards, just as those of grammar. Well, so much for Sir Lancelot's studies in his second septenniad; and now for his bodily exercises; I suppose they advance proportionally in labour and energy?"

The bodily exercises recommended are principally those manly English sports and activities which are commonly cultivated in the ranks of life to which the imaginary Sir Lancelot is represented to belong. Our author holds that youth can 'only grow strong in body and soul by such exercises as carry danger along with them;' and he is quite unsparing in his contempt for

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all sorts of nervous caution and effeminacy. He hates a *milkop* as strongly as the British farmer hates a 'foreigner,' and has the true English admiration for pluck and manliness.

'All strong exercise,' says he, 'is more or less dangerous: in digging, rowing, running, we may sprain, strain, and rupture, if we do not break limbs. There is no end to finding out dangers if you look for them. . . . And as for courage, which is the strength of soul I speak of, some men are born with it under a lucky star, and, the phrenologists say, under a good constellation of bumps. But even then it will require *exercise* to keep it in repair. But if men have it not naturally, how is it to be acquired except in the demand for it?—that is to say, in danger; and to be laid in in youth, while the mind is growing, and capable of nerving, so as to become a *habit* of the soul, and to act with the force and readiness of instinct? . . . For here comes the ancient difference between *resolving* and *doing*; which latter is what we want. Nay, you know, the habit of resolving without acting (as we do necessarily in facing dangers and trials, in books and in the closet), is worse for us than never resolving at all; inasmuch as it gradually snaps the natural connection between thought and deed. And then if this closet courage could certainly brace us up to any long-foreseen emergency, would it help us at any sudden pinch of accident, of which life is full, and for which our knight must assuredly be prepared? I mean, when there is no time to *make up our minds*, but the mind must act at once ready made.'

The habit which is called *presence of mind*, the author conceives, is best cultivated under circumstances of difficulty and danger; and he holds all the risks and consequences quite lightly. 'What, after all,' says he, 'is the amount of danger in all the hunting, wrestling, boating, &c. that a boy goes through? Half-a-dozen boys are drowned, half-a-dozen shot instead of rabbits by their friends, half-a-dozen get broken arms or collar-bones by falls from ponies, in the course of the year; and for this little toll paid to death, how large a proportion of the gentry of this country are brought up manfully, fitted for peace or war! If I have to do with Sir Lancelot, he shall take his chance, either to grow up a man fit to live, or to die honourably in striving towards it. And so I leave him at the end of his second septenniad.'

Here, too, we must leave him. We do not profess to have selected the best passages from the work, but only such as could be most easily detached; nor indeed do we think it possible to convey an adequate impression of its excellences by mere extracts at all. It ought to be read as a whole; for it is really (on a small scale) an artistic composition, and the beauty of its parts is naturally dependent upon the connection in which they stand respectively with each other—like the limbs and proportions of a statue, whose general attitude and expression are not recognisable from the mere workmanship of the disjointed members. The book, besides, will well repay perusal, and we believe that any one who may turn to it upon our recommendation will even thank us for bringing it under notice.

## GLASGOW IN THE LAST CENTURY.

### SECOND ARTICLE.

THE relief and elevation which an infusion of literary society is calculated to give to a community mainly engaged in the pursuits of material industry, was strikingly shewn in Glasgow in the last century. The university then contained a remarkable cluster of eminent men, who seem to have mingled in an easy manner with the mercantile citizens. Most of them were what is called *characters*; that is, they had each something peculiar in dress, manner, or habits, which

attracted general attention. Mixing freely with their fellow-citizens at the social board, in the club-room, or at the whist-table, their eccentricities became matter of familiar observation and daily talk with the rest of the community; and many, accordingly, were the anecdotes I heard of them in my early days.

By nothing, I think, had these *savants* been more generally characterised than by absence of mind. There was a certain clergyman named M'Laurin, who seems to have carried off the palm in this respect from his contemporaries. He was a brother of the celebrated mathematician of this name, and really, in his time and place, a man of eminence. So noted was he for the peculiarity in question, that I suspect some of the stories told of him must have been the invention of contemporary wags well acquainted with his failing. Of this kind I am inclined to think was the *story*—very current, however—of his having gone up on the street one day to a parishioner in humble life, who knew his minister well, and whom he addressed with the startling question, 'Thomas, is your name John?'

One evening, at the house of his son-in-law and biographer, Dr Gillies, when in profound meditation, he happened to see the word TEA inscribed in large characters on a canister placed on the sideboard. After looking at this mystical word for some time, without having the slightest idea of what it meant, he began to spell it audibly TEA—T-E-A; he then made a dissyllable of it—TE-A; but all to no purpose. At last, totally baffled, he turned to Dr Gillies—'John,' he said, 'what Greek word is that?'

Dr Gillies, himself a worthy divine, and well known in the Church of Scotland by his writings, seems to have been a person of much humour; at least we may infer as much from his literary contest with a singularly-gifted man, John Taylor, the poet and writing-master, well known in Glasgow at this period. The subject of contention was a poem to be addressed to 'Nonsense' (styled a goddess for the nonce), in which the indispensable condition was, that no one line should contain an intelligible idea. The prize proposed for the successful candidate was a *leaden crown*, which was to be adjudged by Dr Hamilton, then professor of anatomy at the university. The circumstances which led to this singular war of wits I have never heard, nor whether there were more candidates for the prize than the two I have mentioned. If there were, it is probable that they soon left the field. In adjudging the prize, Dr Hamilton said: 'That it would have been difficult for him to determine the case were it a mere question of ability; but on comparing the poems, it seemed to him that there was something *like an idea* in one of Dr Gillies's lines; but that Mr Taylor's verses were totally free from any such imputation.' Mr Taylor was accordingly crowned with due solemnity.

As I believe the poem was never printed, although it made much noise at the time, the following ample extracts will, it is hoped, be interesting. In reading these verses it must be recollected that their chief merit consists in their being downright nonsense—a species of writing which, however he may fall into it unconsciously, any one who sets himself seriously to make the attempt will find it difficult to imitate. The 'Invocation,' which is the only sensible part of the poem, is, I think, exceedingly happy:—

### INVOCATION.

Nonsense! I at thine altar bend,  
Imploping thou wouldst condescend  
To be my faithful teacher;  
Whilst I, in Pindar's lofty strain,  
Attempt a precious crown to gain,  
And foil a learned preacher.

If I'm victorious by thine aid,  
With grateful heart, umbrageous maid!  
The gift I'll long acknowledge:  
No future favours I'll desire,  
And ere the dawn, thou may'st retire  
To thine own seat—THE COLLEGE.

Gillies! pear of apple pine,  
Rock of gruel, all divine!  
Hear thy praise by Pluto's ghost,  
Beaming in the eye of Frost.  
Lo! as starting from his bier,  
Aaron's beard inclines to hear;  
See! like hairs of forked wine,  
The frisky Nine,  
All barking like the river Thames;  
The flinty smoke to water brays,  
And straight obeys  
Whate'er the hand of Gillies dreams.

Great man grammatic! at his nod  
The very frogs admire,  
When stylic, with a water-rod,  
He squeezes Clyde to fire.  
Gillies, up! when he is down,  
Trip it till ye fire the moon;  
And with a bold range like the mire of Apollo,  
Strip Absence from Candour, and spin us a solo.  
Then down in clouds of solid gold  
The rays of Silence come,  
And gently with their strains enfold  
The fat of Charters' drum.  
And Gillies with lilies,  
And lilies with fillies,  
Again  
and  
Then.

Mount on the fervid wheels of rapid Lore,  
And emulous surprise the flying Tree,  
To melt the days, and tire the breathing store,  
Of what ne'er was, and what shall ever be!

When lilies, walking in the vale,  
Consolidate to melted hail,  
Then Gillies, at the lightning's sound,  
Sets mountains in a pile,  
And bids the solid sea rebound  
Like smoke of icy guile.  
And all the while before,  
They candidly implore  
Old men and maidens new  
To sin the black, and shame the blue.

Bulls of Bashan! with your horns  
Pare the nails of Moses' corne;  
Bats with wings of goose's quill,  
Gild the stones of Cooper's Hill.  
While preaching the wounding of old Simon Magus,  
To sulphur he blows up the dry river Tagus,  
And Clyde on the back of a carpet of Latin,  
Is borne up the hill that for Greek is awaiting.

Up starts Methuselah in prose—  
Lo! through the hills behold his nose,  
Which knows no size at all!  
But on it sits the song of praise,  
And all its sweetly-swelling rays,  
In tears before it fall.

While Bacon stars on hills of care,  
Imminently in flaggons bear.

Mr Taylor, whose good-humour was proverbial, was sometimes applied to by the youth of the city for amatory verses, to be sent to their sweethearts, which he gave with great readiness. A love-sick swain, the son of a grocer in the High Street, had received several effusions of this sort, and was desirous for more. Mr

Taylor, to get rid of him, sent in a regular *Dr.* and *Cr.* account to the father, made out in his own beautiful handwriting, charging the son for 'Acrostics on Miss —, so much;' for 'Panegyrics on Miss —, so much,' &c. The account was delivered to the father, who, glancing at it through his spectacles, read, 'Croststicks and Feunegrees. We dinna deal in dyestuffs here, lad,' he said; 'try the neist shop!'

Taylor was an eccentric genius through life, and it appeared that he was not even destined to be buried like ordinary mortals. As he was universally known and esteemed, his funeral was attended by the most respectable inhabitants; but on coming to the North-West Churchyard, where he was to be interred, it was found that his nephew had forgot to secure a burying-place. The late Mr Kirkman Finlay, a distant relative of Mr Taylor, was fortunately present, and, with that promptitude which always distinguished him, immediately ordered room to be made for the coffin in his own burying-ground in this churchyard. Next day the following verses were circulated, and were afterwards attributed to the pen of James Grahame, the amiable author of 'The Sabbath':—

'When the corpse of John Taylor approached the church-yard,  
Mother Earth would not open her portal;  
For why? She had heard so much said of the bard,  
She verily thought him immortal!'

Amongst the literary *absentees* or day-dreamers in Glasgow at this time, was the illustrious Adam Smith, professor of moral philosophy in the college. Dr Smith, it is well known, had a habit of speaking aloud to himself. In the latter years of his abode in Glasgow he took a daily ride on horseback for the benefit of his health; and in one of his monologues, he was overheard to say, checking his horse at the same time, 'Stop, let us see what this will lead to.' He then remained immovable for some time, apparently pursuing the train of his own thoughts, and totally unconscious of all that was passing around him.

A late professor at the university told me, that when sitting in his place among the professors on Sunday, opposite the preacher in the fore-hall, Dr Smith was occasionally seen to smile during the discourse. This behaviour was never imputed to any irreverence on the doctor's part. His habits were well known, and his thoughts, it was supposed, were 'far, far at sea.'

One of the most distinguished of the brilliant circle of literati in Glasgow at this time was Dr Robert Simson, the professor of mathematics in the university. This excellent person was also subject to occasional fits of absence in company, which, as his biographer, Dr Trail, informs us, 'contributed to the entertainment of his friends, without diminishing their affection and respect.'

'The doctor,' continues the same writer, 'in his disposition was both cheerful and social; and his conversation, when at ease among his friends, was animated and various, enriched with much anecdote, especially of the literary kind, but always unaffected. One evening in the week he devoted to a club, chiefly of his own selection, which met in a tavern near the college. The first part of the evening was employed in playing the game of whist, of which he was particularly fond; but though he took no small trouble in estimating chances, it was remarked that he was often unsuccessful. The rest of the evening was spent in cheerful conversation, and as he had some taste for

\* In a copy of Bacon's Essays, which we once encountered in an auction-room, and which bore the name of Adam Smith as owner of the book, the following note, apparently in his handwriting, appeared at the close of the dedication:—'In the preface, what may by some be thought vanity, is only that laudable and innate confidence that every good man and good writer possesses.'—Ed.

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music, he did not scruple to amuse his party with a song; and it is said that he was rather fond of singing some Greek odes, to which modern music had been adapted. On Saturdays he usually dined in the village of Anderston, then about a mile distant from Glasgow, with some of the members of his regular club, and with a variety of other respectable visitors, who wished to cultivate the acquaintance and enjoy the society of so eminent a person. In the progress of time, from his age and character, it became the wish of his company that everything in these meetings should be directed by him; and though his authority, growing with his years, was somewhat absolute, yet the good-humour with which it was administered rendered it pleasing to everybody. He had his own chair and place at table; he gave instructions about the entertainment, regulated the time of breaking up, and adjusted the expense. These parties, in the years of his severe study, were a desirable and useful relaxation to his mind; and they continued to amuse him till within a few months of his death. Strict integrity and private worth, with corresponding purity of morals, gave the highest value to a character which, from other qualities and attainments, was much respected and esteemed.\*

Any anecdotes which I have heard of Dr Simson authenticate the above interesting picture of this eminent person's hours of relaxation. A late professor of astronomy in the university told me that a friend of Dr Simson's, meeting him one Saturday when he was literally *pacing* his way to his accustomed inn in the village of Anderston, stopped to ask after his health. 'Stay,' said the mathematician; 'put your foot here, sir' (pointing to the spot where his progress had been arrested)—'1260! Now, sir, what have you to say?'

The portrait of Dr Simson in the Faculty Hall represents him as a goodly person, of a fair complexion, and very pleasing expression of features. From the dress and general appearance, it might readily be mistaken for the picture of a country gentleman of the period, instead of one of the most profound mathematicians in Europe.

[We may here interpolate an anecdote of Dr Simson, which we have heard in academical society in Glasgow. The amiable mathematician had had a protracted session in the club one evening, but at length he and an associate proceeded on their way home through the college courts. 'Simson,' said his companion impressively, 'here is a most extraordinary phenomenon. Can you in any way account for it? I declare the moon is rising in the west instead of the east!' 'Poh, poh, never mind her,' said Simson, 'she has always been a queer jade' (the actual expression was somewhat stronger than this)—'let her take her own way.']

Turn we now to another member of this literary society—a man of true genius, and in his mathematical attainments second only to Dr Simson himself, but in his habits of life how widely different!

Dr James Moor, the professor of Greek in the university, was the son of a teacher in Glasgow. It is related of the father that, being deeply enamoured of Newton's 'Principia,' and not having wherewithal to purchase a copy, he transcribed the whole of the book with his own hand—like Fielding's Parson Adams with his *Æschylus*. Young Moor, under his father's tuition, became an excellent mathematician, and carried off the first honours of the university, where he seems at an early period to have attracted the favourable notice of Dr Simson. After he had finished the usual college curriculum, he accepted the situation of tutor to Lord Boyd, son of the unfortunate Earl of Kilmarnock. This

young nobleman, it will be recollected, succeeded, in right of his mother, to the earldom of Errol, and was the same who was so much admired as the 'handsome Earl of Errol' at the coronation of George III. Moor was afterwards tutor to Lord Selkirk, who, as Lord Rector of the university, became his warm patron in afterlife. With both these young noblemen he travelled a good deal on the continent. His titled pupils procured him access to the first society in Europe, which must have improved his knowledge of men and manners. Yet it is to be feared that in this situation he imbibed tastes which were incompatible with his future independence.

On his return home, Mr Moor was appointed librarian to the college; and in a few years afterwards, was enabled, by the liberality of Lord Selkirk, who advanced £600 for the purpose, to secure the successorship to the Greek chair on the resignation of the then incumbent. As Greek professor, Moor might have lived happy and independent; but his habits were irregular, his expenses exceeded his income, and he soon experienced the discomforts of debt. The following anecdote, which was told me by a literary friend well acquainted with the private history of Dr Moor, marks at once the character of the man, and shews the difficulties to which he was sometimes reduced. Two satellites of the law, who had been making a vain search for the doctor in his chambers in the college court, were leaving the place in despair of finding him, when Moor, emerging from his concealment in the garret, bawled out, 'Where should you look for a Greek professor but in the *Attic* storey?'

Dr Moor took a warm interest in the publication of the Greek and Latin classics at the Glasgow press by his brother-in-law, the celebrated Robert Foulis—the beauty and accuracy of which extended the fame of the printer throughout Europe. In particular, Dr Moor and his colleague, Professor Moorhead, superintended the printing of the famous Glasgow Homer, in four volumes folio; a work of which Gibbon speaks in terms of the highest admiration. Never was book edited with more care. In the preface to the 'Iliad,' which was probably written by Dr Moor, although subscribed by both editors, we are informed that every proof-sheet was read over six times: twice by the ordinary corrector of the press, once by Andrew Foulis, once by each of the editors separately, and finally by both conjointly. But this was not all. I was informed by Mr Reekie, the favourite pupil of Dr Moor, and who afterwards became possessed of some of his most valuable books and manuscripts, that the types of this edition, as they were cast by Mr Wilson, were regularly submitted to Dr Moor, and if he were anyway displeased with the matrices, they were immediately thrown into the fire. It is greatly to be lamented that the magnificent edition of Plato projected by Foulis, to which Dr Moor had consented to become editor, and for which he had collected many valuable materials, was not carried into execution, in consequence of the firm of Messrs Foulis having fallen into difficulties.

#### CHEAP COTTAGES.

In the 'Cottage Gardener,' a useful little periodical published in London, a statement occurs respecting a plan for building a cheap class of cottages in rural districts, provided there is a supply of tenacious clay. The following description is given of a cottage at Enville, near Ongar, in Essex, which was built by its proprietor, Mr Clay, assisted by a skilful farm-labourer, and cost only £10 :—'It is a building, three rooms in length, erected at the corner of a meadow, on a spare nook which could not well be turned to any other profitable purpose; and it is a leading feature in it, that, with the exception of the deal-boards for the doors and the glass for the windows, the whole of the materials have been produced on

\* Account of the Life and Writings of Robert Simson, M.D., late Professor of Mathematics in the University of Glasgow. By the Rev. William Trail, LL.D. &c. Pp. 75-77.

the farm. The walls are built of "clay lumps"—that is, clay worked in the same manner as for bricks, moulded into lumps twenty inches long, seven deep, and ten wide, and well dried in the sun in the heat of summer. These are laid with the same material, just as if building with bricks and mortar, and when plastered over on both sides, and thoroughly dried, form a wall exceedingly hard and firm, which no cold or damp can penetrate. The roof is shaped with poles cut from a wood on the farm, the place of thatch laths being supplied with straight sticks; over this an excellent coating of thatch is neatly laid, and the inside is plastered and whitewashed. The windows, which are of ample size for a cottage, are formed of large panes, a bar passing down the centre; and the transverse supports of the glass are of lead, so that the expense of a regular window-frame is saved; and, as a further proof of the extent to which economy is carried, the door is made folding, and the half being thus light, swings on gudgeons, by which the outlay for hinges is spared. The floor is composed of a sort of concrete, made of the brick earth and fine sand; and the chimney, which contains a cosy enclosed corner for the labourer at night, is built of clay lumps. An extra window in the shape of a cross, studded with fragments of coloured glass, has been introduced by the taste of the architect into the end of the bedroom, and answers the double purpose of furnishing light and ornament. The whole length of the building is 32 ft.; width, 12 ft.; height of walls inside, about 8 ft.; and to the canopy of the roof, 11 ft. The size of the keeping-room is 10 ft. by 12 ft.; bedroom, 11 ft. by 10 ft.; kitchen, 9 ft. by 10 ft. We come now to the actual cost. The following were the figures furnished to us, and which we tested by the statements of the man by whom the work was done. Making 300 clay lumps, at 3s. 6d. per 100, L.1, 8s.; laying do., at 2s. 6d. per 100, L.1; thatching, L.1, 16s.; glass for windows, 6s. 6d.; glazing and putty, 5s.; wood for doors, and making doors and window-frames, L.1, 1s.; rough wood for rafters and thatching laths, 10s.; nails, and forming roof, 12s.; claying inside, and whitewashing, L.1; chimney-pots, &c. 12s.; making a total of L.6, 10s. 6d. Thus it will be seen that Mr Clay, unlike most architects, has completed his building for less than the estimate; and we think if the L.1, 9s. 6d. were laid out in providing some other material for the floor—for the idea of a clay bottom does not strike us very pleasantly—it would remedy the only thing about the cottage we are disposed to find fault with. The house was furnished and occupied when we visited it, being let, we believe, to a person on the farm at fourpence a week, which yields good interest for the outlay; and Mr Clay assured us he could readily let it, if disposed, at 45s. per annum. Of course the idea may be amplified, and a cottage with the same materials built for a labourer having a family at a proportionate increase of cost.

#### 'BY HOOK OR BY CROOK.'

The destruction caused by the Fire of London, A.D. 1666, during which some 13,200 houses, &c. were burned down, in very many cases obliterated all the boundary-marks requisite to determine the extent of land, and even the very sites occupied by buildings, previously to this terrible visitation. When the rubbish was removed, and the land cleared, the disputes and entangled claims of those whose houses had been destroyed, both as to the position and extent of their property, promised not only interminable occupation to the courts of law, but made the far more serious evil of delaying the rebuilding of the city, until these disputes were settled, inevitable. Impelled by the necessity of coming to a more speedy settlement of their respective claims than could be hoped for from legal process, it was determined that the claims and interests of all persons concerned should be referred to the judgment and decision of two of the most experienced land-surveyors of that day—men who had been thoroughly acquainted with London previously to the fire; and, in order to escape from the numerous and vast evils which mere delay must occasion, that the decision of these two arbitrators should be final and binding. The surveyors

appointed to determine the rights of the various claimants were Mr Hook and Mr Crook, who, by the justice of their decisions, gave general satisfaction to the interested parties, and by their speedy determination of the different claims, permitted the rebuilding of the city to proceed without the least delay. Hence arose the saying above quoted, usually applied to the extrication of persons or things from a difficulty. The above anecdote was told the other evening by an old citizen upwards of eighty, by no means of an imaginative temperament.—*Notes and Queries.*

#### PARADISE MUSIC.

Ox the dreary winter nights, 'tis said that whispering  
wild and sweet  
Are borne aloft on the wailing winds, some watcher's ear  
to greet:  
When the opening gates of paradise receive a soul to  
rest,  
This strain of angel-song escapes from the mansions of  
the blest;  
And the dulcet music floateth down, transient as young  
love's day,  
And onward dim re-echoing, dies through boundless space  
away.  
There's a haunting music, too, which comes from me-  
mory's golden land,  
When loved and lost in shadowy train revisit the radiant  
strand;  
And fond affection's thrilling tones, with remembered  
pathos seen  
To shed o'er a void reality the peace of some happy  
dream.  
When ocean billows are surging round, the mariner's  
thought doth cling  
To a home where flowers of summer bloom, and birds for  
ever sing.  
Oh! welcome as dew to the tender herb when day is set  
in night,  
These beautiful, fleeting, mystic strains from regions of  
bliss and light!  
We, too, must rapidly pass away; and is not the longest  
life,  
Compared with dread eternity, a moment of pain and  
strife?  
So let us live, that in youth or age the paradise gates  
may be,  
On the wintry night or the sunny day, opened for thee  
and me!

C. A. M. W.

#### MOULTING OF THE CANARY.

When a canary 'moults'—which is generally in July or August, according to the heat of the weather—all you need do is, to keep him quiet and free from draughts. Being a cheerful, lively bird, there is no need to have him covered up, but do not let him be unduly excited. Give him a very small quantity of raw beef, scraped, and moistened with cold water, once a week; occasionally, a little yolk of hard-boiled egg; and now and then a piece of sponge-cake, and ripe chickweed in full flower. Nature will do the rest, and present your pet with a handsome new coat, that will keep him 'spruce,' and last him a full year. Mind and trim his claws when they are too long. Use sharp scissors always; a knife never. In handling him, let him lie as passive as possible; so that your hand may not press unduly on any part of his little body. After the first operation, he will understand all about it, and cheerfully submit to be so 'trimmed.'—*William Kidd in the Gardeners' Chronicle.*

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